

THE RAGS WIND.

The zephyr is a gentle thing,
The soft breeze that comes from the
And wind is very useful while
Performing of its duty.

The air that softly stirs the leaves
Is very sweet and poetry.
And wind is quite respectable
While in the line of duty.

But when it gets into a rage,
And rips and rips and rips,
Blows chimneys down and houses too,
And strongest buildings shatters;

Then up you trees and burrs your root
Into your neighbor's garden,
And blows your dirt into his street,
And never asks your pardon;

Demolishes your northwest wall,
Demolishes your new stable,
And blows the front of your house
Around to meet the gale;

"Then you wish the gentle breeze,
So softly sweet and poetry,
Would not forget its proper place,
Nor leave its line of duty."

Such as turning wind-mills, drying clothes,
Propelling ships, sailing kites